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THE ISLAND OF SAINTS

AND

OTHER LINES FOR PASTIME.

THE ISLAND OF SAINTS,

A SATIRE;

AND OTHER LINES FOR PASTIME.

BY

HIBERNICUS.

LONDON:
WYMAN & SONS, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
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PREFACE.

THE acknowledged want of good Public Schools in Ireland caused me, in common with most middle-class Irishmen, to spend the chief portion of my school life in England.

There I learned to respect the great ability, mental as well as physical, of that race. It also was my happiness to form friendships with Englishmen and with Scotchmen, which neither years nor separation can destroy.

Economy led me to Dublin, rather than to Oxford or Cambridge, as my University.

There I met in social intercourse young countrymen of a different creed to mine. To me the benefit was great, the disadvantage *nil.* The few years that passed are full of happy memories.

Believing that the union of all creeds of Irishmen, from the cradle to the grave, would be for their own good and that of the Empire, and that it is mutually beneficial for England and Ireland to be personally acquainted, I venture to obtrude these youthful lines for pastime, hoping that, if they do no good, they may do no harm.

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THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

PART THE FIRST.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

King Lear.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven ; the fated sky
Gives us free scope : only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

All's Well that Ends Well.

SPIRIT of Charity, thine aid I claim ;
Spirit of Love, nor shall I call in vain :
I need thy guidance while I seek to find
If Freedom's pulse still beats in Irish mind,
If in that verdant Isle's prolific race
There lingers yet a solitary trace
Of a free conscience, proud as Atlantic wave,
To aught but Truth scorning to be a slave !

Eight hundred noted years have come and gone
Since Norman knights the English kingdom won,
Driving the Celtic bard and Saxon thane
Far from their flocks and pastures, cared in vain,

Back to the Cornish cliffs and wooded glades,
To Cambria's hills and Mona's soothing shades:
Eight hundred years! nor does the conquered land
Regret its fate, nor wail th' oppressor's hand;
Commingled races there in peace combine
By honest work to make their country shine,
They vie in labour's race the prize to win,
Nor muse on fabled legends of their kin:
They list not whence the blood which swells each vein,
From Norman sire or Saxon, Celt, or Dane,—
Great Britain's sons, they ask no other name,
And by their deeds preserve their country's fame.
No idle longings for the days of yore,
When every traveller used a coach and four;
No hankering after times when country clown
Oft made his will ere seeking London town;
No murmuring over centuries gone by,
Whose barbarous customs, haply doomed to die,
If heard, still make the stubborn flesh to creep,
The thoughtful mother sigh, the maiden weep.
O years of Thraldom, Pincers, and the Rack,
No British son can ever wish you back;
No more in England's realm can bigot's zeal
Bind trembling wretches to the torturing wheel,
No more can hirelings in religion's name
Consign their fellows to the gnawing flame,
Nor are God's creatures by men's thoughts confined,
For freedom now may dwell in every mind.

Though bands of unwed schoolmen may arise,
Unbound by any risks, by any ties,
Telling old England's youth their message clear,
"There are no ears but ours with which to hear,
There are no eyes but ours with which to see,—
Leave not our path—beware of liberty;"
Yet would I hope my country's heart would wake,
The filmy scales from off her eyelid shake,
And rouse the slothful lion from his den
To strike for mental freedom once again!

Three hundred busy years have passed away
Since Scotland's Queen, so loveable, so gay,
So beautiful, nipped in her early years,
Leaving her world of sorrow and of tears,
Fell 'neath the axe of England's haughty Queen,
Unwept by none, whate'er her life had been.
Her royal son the thistle crown put on,
And wore it firm, till joining into one
The crown of Roses with the Shamrock wreath
And Thistle spray, he left his native heath;
And Caledonia, thus bereft and lone,
Had never since a monarch of her own.
Yet murmur not those children of the hills,
The rocks, the glens, nor grieve for fancied ills;
No fond regret for empty name's decease
Stops the swift wheel, nor bids their hammers cease;

Unchecked their busy mills send forth their stream,
Of beauteous fabrics, born of wondrous steam;
Their glowing furnaces pour out their store
Of molten wealth from what was dross before;
Their giant shipyards give the world its fleet,
And lay the tropics' fruits low at their feet:
They love their country,—and they make the name
Of Scottish work another word for fame;
True patriots they, for by these arts alone
The foremost place has Scotland's manhood won;
Their country reigns half of Great Britain's land,
And greater thus than ever do they stand.

Seven hundred weary years have glided on,
Since the Fourth holy Adrian sent to his son,
Henry of England, writings due and clear,
Bidding him haste with arrow, sword, and spear,
For God would speed him safe to Erin's Isle,
And God would bless his armèd knights the while
They ravaged and brought under England's sway
Those verdant pastures, girt by Ocean's spray.
And so, he came and conquered that fair land—
Too weak his valiant warriors to withstand:
The Celt fell back before the Saxon horde,
Ireland bent down beneath the English sword,
Her courage sank, the heavy captive yoke
Crushed her warm heart, her spirit well-nigh broke.

Her spirit drooped seven hundred years ago;
And even now, despite the ebb and flow
Of centuries, there lingers here and there
Throughout the land a look somewhat of care
Stamped on the people's faces; and around
The smithy we oft hear the humdrum sound
Of some more able scholar than the rest,
Reading aloud of politics with zest
To an admiring group of idle men,
Who list and brood, and brood and list again
Day after day, until the Sunday comes;
And then a lecture,—not how to make their homes
Neat, clean, and healthy, fit for men to own,
But a tirade, with now and then a groan,
About their cruel martyrdom and griefs—
All brought about by England and her chiefs.
"Bloodthirsty England! source of every care
Which year by year hath come to Erin's share
Since thy ill-starred dominion," so he speaks
Whose livelihood in agitation seeks,—
"My martyred brethren of true Celtic race,
The Sassenach now lords it in our place;
Those ruined castles and round towers you see
Ought rightly to belong to you and me;
What, though ye are not over-clean, nor rude
To your old household sows and their young brood,
And if ye drink a drop too much at times
And break each other's heads,—these are not crimes

Like Saxon gluttony—I thank the saints—
That mortal sin which their whole nation taints;
And if ye now and then take a stray shot
Out of a hedge at the tall 'chimney-pot'
Of a land-agent, who would seek to find
His master's rent, now but two years behind;
What though ye are not full of pushing greed
And toilsome gathering of that baneful weed
Called 'filthy lucre;' what though ye refuse
To aid the laws in their peculiar views
Against some comrades being free to run
Over another's land with dog and gun;
What though ye reckon still the faction-fight
A truly national patriotic sight,
And a sound beating well rubbed in with drink
A worthy theme for many a week to think;
And though ye spurn the dull mechanic's trade,
And cleave still firmly to the ancestral spade,
And, liking not the unhealthy aids of steam,
Ye muse on manufactures as a dream;
What if ye hold a somewhat backward place
In this poor fleeting world's unceasing race,
Yet in the race for prizes after death,
By your devotion to the ancient Faith,—
By your rich offerings to the Church's store,
How stinted though you be, however poor,—
By your remembrance of your country's wrongs,
That land-love which to each of you belongs,

Strengthening ever and freshening day by day,
Though rough your road, though weary be your
way,—
By your pure lives, kept by the Church from sin,
Ye, Erin's sons, the eternal prize shall win!
Now speed ye home, and muse on what I've said,
Let Ireland's wrongs dwell ever in your head;
Invoke Columbia's aid to set you free
From Saxon thraldom, hate, and tyranny;
And when, at last, the great 'Flotilla' comes
Laden with 'Stars and Stripes,' with harps and
drums,
And Irish bagpipes, wolfdogs and the like,
The time shall then have come for you to strike;
Until that glorious day shall meet your view,
Remember Limerick, Sarsfield, and Boru!"

Thus speaks the Preacher to the simple crowd
Of Irish rustics, all in reverence bowed
To his all-wise and faithful histories
Of past affairs and future destinies:
Thus saith the Shepherd: and his words sink
deep
Into the hearts and memories of his sheep,—
And feelings of mistrust of the whole race
Of Englishmen soon find a resting-place
In those warm hearts, so much more fit for love;
Thoughts of the far-off past for ever rove
Through their poetic minds, the conquered Dane
Rises before their view, victory again

Seems not a baseless phantom but a truth
To many a poor misguided Irish youth.
And when the keen, quick-witted Yankee finds
Their fervent hearts ripe for his dark designs,
He issues forth his programme—"Fenian Raid!
Now all subscriptions forthwith must be paid
To the head-central treasurer *pro tem.*,
Whose secretary will acknowledge them."
And forth come honest earnings, from true hearts,
Whose genuine love of Fatherland imparts
A trusting spirit to their owners' breasts;
Such flow in streams to the head-central chests:
And, when to hand, they do not lie unused,—
No, the Committee cannot be accused
Of self-neglect,—they spurn not such good cheer
As comes with each new season of the year,—
Freely do they receive the patriot tolls,
And freely spend them with gay "kindred" souls.
Thus is the hard-earned store of many a child
Of poor old Erin craftily beguiled
Into the hungry stomach of the knave,
Whose heart is colder, blacker than the grave,
Whose vaunted love of Ireland is a sham,
A mere decoy to wile the simple lamb
Into his toils, that he the fleece—the gold—
May seize, and leave its owner in the cold.

O Energy of Mind! where hast thou been?
Hast thou for ever left the honoured scene

Of Patrick's labours and Columba's zeal,
Who reared Iona for the nation's weal,—
Hast thou forgot the busy life of those
Great scholar-men, who harped not on their woes—
However deeply felt—but pressing on,
Brought Caledonia tidings of God's Son,—
And ceased not till the whole of British land
Blushed with new joy, heard through that Christian band?
O live not on these dried husks of the past,
Mourn not for times too primitive to last;
In this wide world of progress and of toil
Labour succeeds, not cumbering the soil.
Thou art not dead! Canst thou not then discern
True wisdom's path, and the sole lesson learn
From bygone ills? However they arise,
The only cure in thine own courage lies,—
In thine own self put all thy trust for aid,
Look to no other source; be not dismayed,
However hard the task may seem to be,
All else must yield to toil and energy.

O, brooding Memory! bane of Irishmen,
Would thou wert used aright,—or yet again
I would thou wert a thing to them unknown,
Such grievous ills arise from thee alone.
Roam where you will, you hear some plaintive story
Of bygone woe, or else of bygone glory,

Gained in the strife of neighbour against neighbour;
Or else, perchance, some tale of luckless labour
In the far past,—luckless, but not forgot,
Still pined for, though the end appeareth not.

If you would hear the voice of open pride
And vaunted conquest, list the flowing tide
Of eloquence which yearly issues forth
From party platforms in the stirring North:
Boastings of Ulster's stern unflinching race,
That they have still maintained a foremost place
In the domain of Irish industry,
And that they dare assert priority
In glorious deeds, in freedom of the mind,
In energy and conscience unconfined,
Beyond the rest of Erin's weaker sons:
Such is the theme, and thus the speaker runs:—
"O, loyal sons, from loyal fathers sprung,
Long be the crimson banner proudly hung
From tower and steeple, that the world may see
We glory in the immortal memory
Of the great King, who for our freedom fought,
And with his sword that priceless treasure bought:
Loud let your fifes and drums extol that day
Whose glorious sun first poured a quickening ray
Over this Island sunk in monkish gloom,
And raised us from a living mental tomb.

What genii gave to Irish hands and heads
The skill to spin those well-nigh magic threads,
With which ye weave a cobweb fine and fair
As Cambrai's looms can boast or maidens wear?
What brought those iron shipyards to the stream
Of Father Lagan,—ever as in a dream
Gliding on lazily into the sea,
Brooding alone,—the people there too busy
To waste their time with bygone memories,
Which do not bring reward like industries?
Whence came your skilful arts, your active lives,
Your mills, your stores, which seem so many hives
Of honest workmen, toiling steadily
For their true good, and joining readily
For one great end—to be attained alone
By ceaseless care and faithful union?
Did not all these arise and grow up rapidly
From your own efforts spurred by energy?
And do not all the scenes of Irish woe
And filth and poverty spring up and grow
From naught else but the want of energy,
That coward feeling ''tis allotted me,'
That listless want of effort, pandered to
By the sleek pastors,—who would wish to view
Their flocks as simple as the mountain sheep,
Ready to follow with unquestioning feet
The cunning dog, whoe'er he be, that cries
England the cause of all their miseries?

Friends of the North, and loyal brethren all,
The Cleric—not the English—chains enthral
Your poor lay-countrymen: Awake! Arise!
Drive priestcraft from o'erclouding Erin's eyes
'Gainst seeing her own good; the day is gone
For Roman tyrants to coerce the Throne
Against the people's welfare, or to bind
A dusky shroud over the Nation's mind:
To us they must not, they shall not dictate,—
We stand by England's wide imperial state;
From Her we gained our liberty of thought,
From Her our many skilful trades have brought,
Lessons of firm self-trust from Her we learned,
Which in the years gone by success have earned,
And in the time to come, if need befall,
And England on our martial courage call,
We will not fail,—but answer man by man
Our readiness to join the foremost van,
Let foes from whatsoever quarter come,
To strike for Law, for Order, and for Home.
And in that day, if frenzied caitiffs rise
To fill our motherland with wailing cries
For kindred blood spilt by a kindred hand,
Fear not the traitors, brave and loyal band,
As front to front—as steel to steel ye join,
Remember Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne!"

Thus saith the Speaker to the mingled crowd
Of young and old, whose cheers re-echo loud,

While deafening blows resound from many a drum,
And countless notes from wheezing fifers come.
Thus say the speakers; and the end attained
Is one, alas, too oft in Ireland gained,—
The nurturing of distrust of man in man,
The setting as it were an open ban
Upon a neighbour of another creed,—
Not of another race, for that indeed
'Tis hard to reckon,—so that men do fear
To give their brother's words a trusting ear,
If he be but their fellow-countryman,
And be not also of their sect and clan
In matters clerical: O, fickle test!
False touchstone for the wisest or the best,
The truest or the fittest hand or mind
Among a Nation's sons; basely designed
And cruel test, to make our Thoughts of God—
Mere guesses at the best—the measuring-rod
By which to try our characters and worth,
Ere brother can with brother journey forth,
Ere child with fellow-child his task may learn,
Ere honest labour may its wages earn;
To make our form of worshipping the Lord,
The Great Creator, should it not accord
With every tittle in our neighbour's form,
With every quibble in that short-lived worm
His human mind,—to make it be a let,
A hindrance to our union, a regret,

A barrier to our kindly intercourse,
A fierce Sirocco, drying up the source
Of each bright stream, which else would wander down
To meet its fellow, and, still greater grown
By each new comrade, as it journeys on
Would bless the land with peaceful union.

But so it is,—by differing teachers taught,
The people hold aloof in deed and thought
From those who chance another creed to own,
Deeming all common interests are flown;
And many rustic tillers of the sod,
Who in the Ancient Church still worship God,
Fancy their landlords of the newer faith
Live but to grind and trample them to death,
Sparing no thought for all their misery,
Rejoicing not at their prosperity.
This is not so; in Holy Writ I've read
That no man liveth to himself 'tis said,
And to himself alone can no man die,—
We are so linked in wondrous unity,
That if the great man dies, the poor man feels,
And if the humbler fail, the greater reels.
And as the lowly-frugal gain, and hoard,
Until at last a goodly pile is stored,
Gleaning their fortunes oft from spendthrift hands,
Which, while they frit away their goods and lands,

Build up the ways and means of the new name,—
So in a later day, perchance, the game
Played by the thrifty sire and calmly won,
Trusting himself alone, is by the son
Or grandson lost,—who, starting with a store
He vainly thinks will last for evermore
(From knowing not the pains of gathering it),
Lives faster than he may, and all his wit
Being spent in spending, as the years roll by,
At last his children wake in poverty.

And so it is within the "Emerald Isle,"
Where high and low too generous tastes beguile,—
Ever in Nature's hospitable way
Giving with open hand, ne'er saying "nay;"
The poor in drink their slender store expending,
The rich in sport or play their moneys ending,—
Thus is it that so many remain poor,
The wolf of hunger almost at the door,
While in the potent cup the mind is drowned,
And manly energy can scarce be found,
But in its stead a listless brooding soul
Which to the poor is as a burning coal.
And in their turn the richer often feel
The bites of spendthrift poverty to steel
Their kindly hearts against their tenants' case,
Nor can the needy show a smiling face
To a delaying debtor,—howsoe'er
His own desire might still incline to spare,

The landlord's frequent master, the keen Jew,
Must have his "Interest" when it cometh due.
And thus, perchance, to many in the land
The tale that they are slaves in England's hand,
That they are martyrs to misgovernment,
Seems as a balm to the chafed spirit sent,—
And year by year poor Erin has become
For grievance-mongers the belovèd home,
For crafty Agitators a retreat
Where they may safely ply their vile deceit,
For rabid journalists a sanctuary,—
Those foul-mouthed Vultures of society,
Who fatten on the discord of their kind,
And hiss their venom through the nation's mind,
Unclean, unfit for food to man or beast,
Yet spreading to the mass their poisonous feast.

What wonder then, as years have glided by,
That Ireland has been an "Anomaly"
To all known laws, to all tried Governments,
To all expedients and experiments
Of British rulers, skilled in policy,
For cultivating peace and loyalty;
And all the best endeavours of the Throne
To give the people bread and not a stone
Seem but to feed the tapeworm Discontent,
Which grows upon the country's nourishment.

PART THE SECOND.

He tells me, that if, peradventure,
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

Measure for Measure.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Macbeth.

SOME years ago a learned pundit came
To London, Doctor Sadstone was his name,
From Oxford, others said from Liverpool,
Professor of black-draughts to the new School
The Faculty had lately founded there
For teaching perfect cures for every care.
Professor Sadstone was the President
Among the doctors who were resident,
And many years before, he had a whim—
That every ailment born to life or limb
Lacked but his draught to bid it flee away,
His panacea of that early day.
The dose was stiff and sour and very black,
Black as the parson's coat, or as the sack
Which drapes the sooty shoulders of the sweep,
Black as the rooks whose nests he thought to save
Still chattering round the eaves,—black as the grave.

This potent draught his patients would not taste,
And, as the whole ingredients went to waste,
The learned doctor in his mind resolved
That, when a few more seasons had revolved,
Sufficient to efface the memory
Of his despised essay in pharmacy,
He would compound a series of pills
Which would infallibly assuage all ills.

And so, he summoned the Committee all
To meet together in their Common-Hall,
There fully to acquaint the President
With what diseases were most prevalent,
And to advise, discuss, and regulate
The medicines most needful for the State.
And soon in answer to the call there came
Sir Matches Squatterlow, of striking fame,
Sir Jutey Marmalade, R.N., M.D.,
Count Mauvais-Ton, from Works near Battersea,
Attired in Nankeen chess-board pantaloons
Such as are seen on pantomime buffoons;
Then Lord Clanduffer, looking pale and thin,
And sleek O'Naggin, stepping blithely in,
And Doctors John and Edward and the rest,
All to the Council diligently pressed.

Then each his special woe proclaimed the worst,—
Until, at last, the Count said he'd be cursed
If longer he'd sit there and ruminate,
So they must close at once this sham debate;

His mind was quite made up about the thing,
If really they wished a healthy Spring,
They must eradicate the Cattle Plague,—
Here was a subject not unknown nor vague.

The reverend President to him replied—
"My somewhat flippant brother, don't decide
This question suddenly nor hastily,—
This is a solemn matter; let us try
To reckon, first, what ailments are so bad
That instant treatment of them must be had;
Then, secondly, how many Courses lie
As it were open to the emergency."

Sir Matches instantly flared up, and said—
"Too many 'Courses' do not suit my head
Nor my digestion; I had better health
Roaming the Sheep-runs and the Bush for wealth,
From Leeches and from Classics far away,
Than London gives me in this later day."

Then sly O'Naggin smilingly stood up,
And in his blandest mode declined to sup
From aught but one sole dish, which in his view
He need not say of course was "Irish Stew":
With him agreed Clanduffer, who confessed
That, if indeed the dish were fairly dressed,
It would afford an excellent repast;
And then Sir Jutey Marmalade at last

Broke in—"I hae it noo, my bonnie men,
We'll hae no fightin' ower this, ye ken;
Ye maun consent to tak' the Irish stew,
Or else tak' what I recommend to you,
A haggis-puddin' and a keg o' malt
To wash out o' our mooth the taste o' salt";
And pulling from his fillibeg a flute
Made out of hard-wood, either briar-root
Or else a piece of British Navy box,
Bought at some recent auction in the Docks,
He blew the native air of "Auld lang syne"
In plaintive tones—not to say asinine:
He blew it loud and strong, until he waxed
So warm and breathless that he was perplexed
How further to proceed, so bending low
He grasped his kilt and wiped his sweating brow,
Smearing his countenance with reddish dust
Which seemed akin to Navy-anchor's rust,—
Whereat the Council all discreetly smiled,
Seeing how sweetly he the time beguiled.

Then quoth the President, "Since, gentlemen,
You have in fine agreed that Irishmen
Must be the subject of our present care,—
Though holding similes as empty air,
There are some serious ailments of that race,
Some grievous blotches which we must efface:
The worst is called the 'Rooks'; it is a boil
Rooted for many centuries in the soil;

It is a boil or blain of many kinds,—
That caused by English Port infests the minds
Of those who have it with a pompous pride,—
Another kind deep-rooted side by side,
Produced by Maccaroni steeped in Grog,
Affects the dwellers on both hill and bog
With a dull, miserable, brooding mind;
Some other species of a rarer kind
Are also found, but these do not demand
At present special treatment from our hand.
There seem Three Courses open to our view,
But in reality there are but Two,
The First being—To leave things as they
are,
A course to which the Council, for so far,
Have never liked to come; the Second course
Is to supply out of the public purse
Good English port, as hitherto enjoyed,
And Roman maccaroni unalloyed,
And other luxuries,—in fact to try
As it were a course of Homœopathy:"

But at this juncture suddenly Sir Jute
Blew an erratic howl upon his flute,
And, starting up in blustering energy,
Declared that "Sic a thing should never be,"
No Roman maccaroni would he buy
To pamper blotches on the Irishry,
He'd rather lose his grant of oaten-cakes
Than be the one to counsel such mistakes.

Meantime O'Naggin, turned from sweet to sour,
His face, once sunny, soon began to lower;
Yet in his polished mode he bowed his head,
As if approving all that had been said.

Whereon the President resumed his speech,—
"At length, my patient friends, the end I reach;
Course Number Three, which it must be confessed
Of later years I come to think the best,
Is to remove all stimulants from all,
And every grant of English Port recall."

The speaker ended 'mid the Board's applause,
Proceeding partly from the selfsame cause
Which often moves the clapping of our hands,
And heartfelt "Thanks" from every one demands,
When some poor singer, after lingering long,
At length concludes a tedious, hackneyed song.

And so the Board agreed to leave the case
In the Professor's hands, whose haggard face
Assumed a transitory glow of pride,
While with his pestle round the mortar's side
He ground his medicines, and made the pills
Which aimed to cure "the worst" of Irish ills.

The pills were gilded,—and were well received
At first by many patients, who believed

That Public Port was not a wholesome drink;
Many, however, scrupled not to think
That piecemeal Inconsistency prevailed
Among the Faculty, for having failed
To banish public port from England too,
When snatching it from poorer Erin's view:
And, though the treatment soothed the mind and head
Of sufferers from the "Rooks," it seemed to shed
A parching influence upon the tongue,
From whence a Thirst insatiable sprung;
And other ailments now were called the worst,
And grew each day more serious than the first.

At last the Council had to be recalled,
And in their Lecture-room again installed.

The President arose, and sadly smiled,
He owned his medicines had been rather mild
To meet the sufferings of the Irish race,
Theirs being such a pitiable case;
But, as Professor John would soon explain,—
A Doctor who had braved "the watery main"
And in the flesh had travelled many a mile
To spend some days in that far distant Isle,—
As he would thus authoritatively show,
A cure could yet be furnished for their woe.

Then Doctor John arose, and thus began,—
"My Christian Friends, the native Irishman

Is suffering from a fever, which devours
His energy and all his vital powers;
The 'Orchard Fever' it is aptly named,
For apples from 'The States' are often blamed
For carrying the seeds of the disease
Into that Island guarded by the seas;
With drunken idlers in the city lane,
With thriftless poachers who all night have lain
Hid in some ditch, with waylayers of life
And crop-haired jail-birds the disease is rife:
The patients rave, and howl, and shriek, and groan,
Call the whole Isle an orchard of their own,
Like 'dangerous' lunatics they meet your view:
They cannot cure themselves, they trust not you.
How much more cheerful would it be to see
All these poor creatures owning 'fixedly'
Each one a little orchard, though it be
Well-nigh too small to hold one family.
I therefore now propose, with your consent,
This intermittent fever to prevent,
That all the orchards planted in the land
Be, by ourselves, surveyed, and mapped, and planned,
And that each patient be allowed to take
A portion, for his health and comfort's sake."

Whereat again O'Naggin blandly smiled—
And said, "I'm shure they will be reconciled

With what his honour, Doctor John, has said.
Be gorra, 'tis no use to cure the head,
If yez put nothin' in the stomach too;
Thim pills was well intinded, faith it's thrue,
As physic for the rooks,—but thin we mint
To give, as well as physic, nourishmint."

Meanwhile Clanduffer most uneasy grew,
His thoughtful face assumed a livid hue,
His mind was conjuring up a thousand ghosts
Of grim surveyors, lighting on the coasts
Like hungry locusts, laying out his land
In distant Ulster ready for the band
Of fever-convalescents, who might choose
To show it their appropriating views.
His mind was brooding o'er his bygone dream
Of homœopathic treatment, which did seem
In former days to him and wiser men
The proper cure, "Could it be tried again?"
He pondered long; he sought out every way
To lay his plans; at last he rose, to say—
'Twas evident to him the last-tried pills
Had but augmented all the former ills,
A fancied headache might have flown away,
But loathsome, ravening fever ruled the day:
For his part, therefore, he would more incline
To medicines in the homœopathic line,
Such as were used upon his own estate,
Whose efficacy had been very great.

Each patient there, who fee'd him for the pills
Which he prescribed, was kept from serious ills
For thirty years,—he grew not over-fat,
His medicines took special care of that:
They were called "Thirties," and were wondrous good
For keeping temperately cool the blood.
Throughout the district there was also used
A dose called "Ulsterine," which was confused
And various in its mixtures, but so good
And healthy in its action, that it stood
The favourite medicine in all the land,—
What its ingredients few could understand:
Some said that all kind doctors yearly made
A present to their patients of a "Spade"
With which they could unearth the Ulsterine
And store it by as future medicine;
But his own patients gathered it themselves,
Unaided, and then ranged it on their shelves
In one-pound parcels—some had gathered ten,
But these of course were prudent, thrifty men.
The people in his district, he must say,
Were healthy and content in every way,
Except some few who fancied that his pills
Were rather too expensive for their ills,—
But, take or leave, the truth he must confess,
He could not now afford to charge them less:
And if the Council would decide to try
A course of Duffer-homœopathy,

He'd almost guarantee before they'd start
The intermittent fever would depart.

But suddenly, Count Mauvais-Ton arose,
And, while with kerchief green he blew his nose
Like trombone loud, he hastened to proclaim
That he, at least, discerned "the little game;"
The impudence he said of one M.D.
Trying to over-ride the Faculty
With his one favourite or patent pill!
Its action might be good, or might be ill,
But he, for one, hated monopolies,
And therefore Duffer-homœopathies,
Which were not, as the inventor said himself,
One half so good as "those things on the shelf."

At last, the President summed up, and said,
"From all that we have lately heard or read,
I fancy, gentlemen, we may combine
In our prescription both this 'Ulsterine'
And also our friend's 'Thirties,' and insure
The people's benefit by either cure;
However, we must let the patients choose
Whichever medicine they like to use,—
Nor can we interfere with doctors' fees:
These must remain whatever each may please."

Accordingly the Faculty decreed,
That fever-patients, if they felt in need

Of orchard medicines, might each demand
A dose at once made ready to his hand,—
And, if the doctor did not straight comply,
A heavy fine would follow speedily:
And for this purpose, in each county-town
An old "Apothecary" in a gown
Of faded silk, faded though not much used,
Was planted,—who, when doctors were accused
Of giving to their flocks a scanty share
Of Ulsterine, or some unpleasing fare,
Would analyze the dose "by rule of thumb,"
And by his verdict name the certain sum
Each doctor must refund by way of fine
For not dispensing proper medicine.

And so the remedy for fever sped
Through the affected land; and many said
The effort was a good one; yet the ill,
The fatal "orchard grievance," lingered still.
Some doctors charged a forty-shilling fee,
While some again asked only twenty-three,—
These last, indeed, gave doses good and large,
And no one grudged them their accustomed charge,
But those who claimed the most oft gave but small
And somewhat poorish medicine after all.
So patients, one by one, began to see
The system fostered inequality,—
Cross but a ditch, a new law met your view,
Fresh scales of fees, doctors and doses new,—

Here large and cheap—there small and very dear,
Here gladly given—there wrung out through
fear:
And, as the apothecary had no power
To regulate the fees, to make them lower,
Nor with a course of "Thirties" to combine
The more sustaining physic, "Ulsterine,"
While he was shackled thus, the Board's decree
Appeared at best a hollow mockery;
Patients and doctors, all agreed at last,
The whole prescription must be soon recast.

And so the President, with pensive brow,
Wondering what "the deuce" he could do now,
Summoned his colleagues to the Council-board,
Which with teatotal fare was amply stored;
Yet samples of old "Thom" were to be seen
'Mid piles of papers coloured chiefly green,
On which long census columns, neatly penned,
Checked by the President from end to end,
Seemed to denote a mind on figures bent,
Whose time had been egregiously misspent.
Figures! That trap to catch the moving mob,—
That conscience-soother for a doubtful job!
Figures,—that bring an answer fit to please
The forlorn Missionary to the Chinese,
The would-be Mormon in an English town,
The advocate for "Levelling-up" or down,
The prudent guardians of the pauper's fare,
The holder of a stagnant mining-share,

The blithe promoter of a Company
"Limited" to borrow motion from the sea,
The agent for a "business to be sold,
The present owners being rather old,
And very philanthropic in their views—
So much so that they readily will lose
The prospect of enormous future gain
For the mere trifle they will entertain
As purchase-money for their vast concern—
As from enclosed prospectus we may learn."
O, figures! born to warp and to deceive
The many, who in you alone believe!
"'Tis better to please three than only one,"
They say: therefore if three pickpockets run
From one attentive "Bobby," 'twould be best
That they should gain their wish, than he his quest:
"'Tis better to make happy five than one,"
And so if five "A. B.'s" are up for fun
But down for work, tapping the brandy casks,
And will not heed the skipper nor his tasks,
'Tis better that the five enjoy their day,
To captain and to schooner come what may:
"'Tis better to please sixty than but three,"
Therefore a troop of native Cavalry,
With sixty knaves and loyal men but three,
When dreaming of retreat or mutiny,
Should be encouraged in the deadly thought,
Not by their officers to rearward brought:

"'Tis better please the many than the few,"
Hence, let us all adopt the Heathen's view
In arts and sciences, in soul and mind,
Since they still number most among mankind.

Brooding on figures sat the President,
His lengthy spine o'er lengthy columns bent,
Weighing in strictly professorial style
The differing griefs he needs must reconcile,
Musing on elements proportionate
To suit the varied palates of the State.

At length, when all were come, tapping his head,
And thumbing his lean jaws, he rose and said,
"My trusty colleagues, this poor weary brain
Hath pondered night by night, but all in vain,
To solve the problem—Why we have to say
These orchard patients still are all astray?
The various drugs were sent them for the best,
Yet we are bullied rather than caressed;
Our long prescription shows we meant them well,
Why it hath failed some other tongue may tell."

Sir Matches readily sprang up and said,
"There's not the slightest haziness in my head
Anent the cause of failure, gentlemen;
What long ago I said, I say again,—
Your patients wander from their nearest cure
To old 'Apothecaries,' slow, not sure,

They go astray, and learn it to their cost
Often when nearly all their all is lost.
I would suggest you now adopt the plan
Used with the cattle in old Vandieman,
To brand them all with letters B and A,
With which, indeed, they scarce can go astray:
On every patient then, whate'er he be,
Cutter of turf, inmate of piggery,
Drover of cattle, shaker-out of hay,
Imprint on 'Saint or idiot' B and A."

Whereon the oily boy O'Naggin rose,
Stroking his close-shaved cheeks and Irish nose,
He owned the "Branding" was a famous scheme,
In fact "the one thing needful" he would deem
To mitigate the present grievous woes;
But, to his mind, the method which arose,
Remembering patients could not read nor write,
While most of them could "make their mark" quite right,—
Was that the symbol proper to apply
Must be a Roman-Cross over each eye;
Of course A, B, or M might follow too,
But they alone would never, never do.

After a pause the President replied—
"This matter, Gentlemen, we must decide
Once and for all,—and howsoe'er it be,
I trust we all can manage to agree

To this one Axiom, on which I stand,—
The 'scandalous' necessity for a Brand.
There are two brands, 'tis true,—but one so 'seedy'
With stamping on white ties A.B.T.C.D.,
That, till it be repaired, 'tis quite unfit
To give our patients thorough benefit;
The other one, my friend O'Naggin says,
Though famed for stamping Q.U.I.M.A.'s,
Is equally unsuited to our case,—
It cannot mark the crosses on the face.
Wherefore, I have bethought me of a plan,
A new device by way of Monogram,
Combining T's and Q's and C's together,
Like galley-slaves linked by an irksome tether;
The whole to seem, from different points of view,
At once a Roman Cross or plain D.U.
The Irish patient, whosoe'er he be,
Will boast no more the brand of T.C.D.;
No longer shall the 'Godless' Q.U.I.
Offend the cross-discerning marksman's eye;
One National device shall all embrace,
And stamp a lasting smile on every face."

The speaker ended 'mid a general hum,
Which seemed replete with thanks; till some,
More prudent than the rest, desired to see
This novel monogramic mystery:
The President, making a bow profound,
Produced the type, and had it handed round.

But scarcely had the creature hove in sight,
When clamour greeted it from left and right,
Each vying with his neighbour to proclaim
Some special fault of which he must complain.
A part declared "the Cross" they could not see,
But plain old English letters U and D,
Therefore to marksmen it would be no good,
Such open type they never understood:
Another part declared the monogram
A complicated blunder and a sham,
A shift to catch th' unlettered marksman's eye
With dreams of "Crosses" in futurity,
But all unfit for patients of to-day,
Who wished to walk direct—not keep astray.
Some thoughtful doctors asked, but asked in vain,
The former guide—old T.C.D. again,—
The nurse of Burke, of Goldsmith, and of Moore,
Of Grattan, Curran, Shiel, in days of yore,—
Was that ennobled type unfit to brand
The brightest scholar in that genial land?
The pride of all for ages passed away,
Could it not please the grumblers of to-day—
Those boorish geese, who hiss they know not what,
Each raving for conceits he needeth not?

The President, at length, rose to reply;
A tear had lined the corner of his eye,

Since he beheld the monogram, he prized
As his own child, so hated and despised;
But now, when on his legs, grief fled away,
He seemed a new Goliath brought to bay;
And, like Will Shakspere's wondrous king Macbeth,
Stuck to his place—firm e'en to the death:
"My quondam friends," quoth he, "And ye who now
Still to my presidential orders bow,
However ye may spurn my proffered brand,
And deem it worthless to the afflicted land,
Forget not this, regret it as ye may,
The selfsame boat bears you and me away.
New Presidents may come new Boards to greet,
Some other Daniel fill this judgment seat,
But, in the years to come, no kindlier hand
Will pander to the griefs of Ireland;
No English doctor reigning in my place
Will grant such soothing doses to that race
As, in my honest wish to do them good,
I poured on thankless growlers like a flood:
Years have rolled by like rivers to the sea,—
The hungry sea of Irish Policy
Hath gulp'd our choicest time, still gapes for more,
Smacking its ravening lips along the shore.
Grey are these locks, once clustering dark and bright,
Dim are these eyes, once glow-worms in the night,

Wan are these cheeks, once radiant with success,
And chilled my heart with base ungratefulness:
Vain were those hours spent by a brother's love
Dressing the sores whose source he knew not of;
Void was my toil, my efforts lost indeed,
Nurturing a plant which proves to be a weed:
Oh, had I had the 'nous,' in days gone by,
That endless time and labour to apply
To themes of national and kindred good,
To social topics which I understood,
Had Britain's weal been foremost in my view,
I should not now be bidding you 'Adieu.'
So, fare ye well; some other hand than mine
Brews the next draught of Irish medicine;
No sweets to the Deaf Adder shall I bring,
Which, while I offer food, turns round to sting;
Let some new charmer, less unskilled than I,
Ope the stopp'd ear and catch the furtive eye,—
Enough for me, in these my later days,
If conscience whisper my poor meed of praise."

Thus spake the President,—and straight retired;
While the whole Board, with kindred ardour fired,
Rose to their feet,—and fearful of delay,
Rushed to enjoy their well-earned holiday.

PART THE THIRD.

And we still might get on without doctors,
If they'd let the ould Island alone ;
And if purple men, priests, and tythe-proctors
Were crammed down the great gun of Athlone.

Old Ballad.

WAKE, wild Æolian lyre! and lend a strain
To win our brothers' loving hearts again;
Lend to our every word and look and tone
Such soothing truthfulness, that they will own
And feel us children of one family—
Seeking their own as our prosperity.

Go, roam the City's thousand living streets;
Halt, look around,—what noble figure greets
Your wondering gaze, as in old London's heart
You pause to view the world's renownèd mart?
What gallant warrior strides that prancing steed?
There rides Great Britain's guardian in her
need:
There, in the foremost place his statue stands,
Reared by the love of grateful English hands,
Proud in their choicest site to place her son—
Ireland's heroic knight—Great Wellington!

O bright example to thy countrymen,
Undaunted heart! thy toils were not in vain,—

Braving the worst, fighting 'gainst hope to stay
The "Scourge" of Europe on his evil way,—
Bending to thee the Conqueror of kings,
Clipping the Eagle's once unfettered wings,
Firm in thy purpose, faithful to thy trust,
Unmoved by coward dreads or greed or lust,
Uncooled by shirking aids, unchecked by fear,
Thy heart said "Forward! I the way shall
clear."
Such was thy nature when, long years before,
The people gave thee blessing in Mysore,
Praying the gracious God of every caste
And every tinge to shield thee to the last
And bless thee ever, for thy "Equal Rule,"
Thy faithful judgment, just yet merciful.

"A Just and Equal Rule": *that* is the quest
Of our two little Islands in the West,—
Two isles, scarce bigger than a single State
Of the vast "Union," so wide, so great,
Yet still united firmer than before,
In spite of rebel force or grumblers' roar!
'Tis folly then presumes to seek to sever
What Nature planted side by side for ever—
Two peoples, placed to serve each other's need,
Out of our store our neighbour's wants to feed:
Let every risk be shared by both together,
The stormy night of War's tempestuous weather,
The drizzling day of famine and of woe,
The yearly burdens which we undergo;

Let every law embrace both kindred Isles,
E'en though there cease some crafty legal smiles;
Let us be ruled, not for Profession's gain,
But that the people's good we may attain.
Let one strict rule unearth the Cleric rake,
Whose saintly shadow often will forsake
His native isle—to browse on pastures new—
Leaving his sermon-writer what is due
To seek and try to gain as best he may,—
'Tis hard to make levanted Clergy pay!
They feel it jar "against their interest
To pay the Principal" at your request,
They show it is "against their principles
To pay the Interest" on any bills,—
And when, at last, an extra-cunning "Limb"
Of the old Law clutches a hold of him—
The Sanctified defier of your claim,
He pleadeth probably the noble game
Of Woman-fortune-hunting, through which course
Your money he will "quickly reimburse"
Out of the spoil of some deluded maid,
Whose trusting innocence he will degrade
Down to the level of his sordid mind,
And her pure heart be to his dross consigned.

Let Justice walk with firm but rapid stride,
Swift to enforce, as skilful to decide;
Give Legal blackbirds pay—for what they do,—
Not for the hours they talk and worry you,

Not for the reams of paper which they smear
With useless cant — scarcely to draughtsmen clear;
Not for the years of shuffling and of sham
Which, though the Saints endure, poor Sinners d——n.

Beware the Enchanter's wile, whate'er its source,
Seeking to stop the people's onward course
Up the steep mount—that hard but open road
Which leads to Learning's pure serene abode.
Let not the Clerics, of whatever creed,
Brand with their curse a Nation's noble deed—
A Nation's aim her children to unite
In boyhood's tasks, in labour and delight;
Give priests no aid to stave their coming doom
By chaining youth in Mediæval gloom,
Striving to mure in Dogma's dusky glen
The budding minds of youthful Irishmen.
Plant trees of Knowledge through the fertile land,
Wide-spreading Oaks, whose branches will expand,
And gather 'neath their shade a noble brood,
The foremost Irish youth in birth and blood:
The Public School,—nurse of our early years,
Source of our boyish tastes, and hopes, and fears,—
Let it be planted firm in Ireland,
That gentle sons may own their fatherland,

May pluck the leaves of Science and of Art
From native boughs, and press them to their heart;
May spend their youth, perchance their after-days,
In their own land—not reckless of her ways.
Thus shall they learn to love their countrymen—
Their poorer brethren of "the humbler ten;"—
Thus shall their sympathies find resting-place
With their kind-hearted but quixotic race:
And when in future time a learned youth
Pursues in Irish Halls the search for Truth,
Proud of their Alma Mater shall they be,
Whether they tell of grand old Trinity,
Or of the Queen's e'en now renownèd Fane,
Whose pliant scholars world-wide honours gain.

Soon may the Mother of our people come,
And yearly cheer a Royal Irish home!
Our hearts shall warm, our tongues with welcome ring,
For She will come "with healing on her wing:"
Wide in her wake shall suites of Nobles throng
To spend their store our hills and lakes among;
Wide through the land our native Lords shall dwell,
Each castle be adorned—each park look well;
Deserted mansions then shall be no more,
But hearty "Welcomes," as in days of yore,
Shall echo through our every house and hall,
And speak the social joy of one and all:

The country Trader and the city Mart
In the good times shall take their worthy part,—
New industries—before unneeded—now
Shall come to aid the simple crook and plough,—
New wants to be supplied new work shall give,
And those who idly starved shall toil and live.

Lovers of Sport! come to this land of ours,—
A land of heather rather than of flowers,
A land of rock and cliff and mountain-glen,
But ever bearing generous kindly men,
And women pure and true and beautiful,
Although not "Blues"—healthy and dutiful.
Bright are the scales which gild our Irish Trout,
Health casts the fly to wile the truants out,—
Strong is the spring which nerves our Salmon's back,
No Angler there need full enjoyment lack,—
Fast is the stride, and safe and firm the leap
Of the deep-hearted Hunters which we keep,—
Fleet is the foot of nimble Irish Hare,
And swifter are the Greyhounds coursing there,—
Come to the Grouse, the Partridge, and the Snipe,
Whose call awaits when Autumn-time is ripe.

Are there not Mountains in our kindred Isle
Enough the wildest Tourist to beguile?
Are there not Cliffs worthy the bravest heart,
The firmest foot, the keenest Alpine art?

Cool is the head would cross the "One man's way"
On famed Slieve League, nor dread the Atlantic spray,—
Strong is the nerve would leave that high retreat,
To dare the sheer descent—two thousand feet:
Sure is the foot must mount Croagh Patrick's breast—
That beauteous pyramid which guards the West!
Brave is the heart will beat on Nephin's head,
Or top Cairn-Tual, howsoever led.
If lakes can tempt, or rivers bend your way,—
If rocky glens, or Ocean's thundering spray,
Can turn your steps where they would wish to roam,
Oh, let them lead to our dear Island-home!
Killarney's smile shall all your toil repay,—
Avoca's peaceful groves your cares allay,—
Sweet Corrib's banks and Erne's bejewelled lake
Are scenes your memory's gaze shall ne'er forsake.

Come, English brothers, come and see our land,
Which owns a generous heart, an open hand;
Read for yourselves—from us—our real wants,—
Heed not what every scribbling cleric cants;
Think not the sleek, place-seeking lawyer clan
Speaks the true wish of every Irishman:
No more throw sops to noisy priest and scribe,
Such food is idly offered to our tribe;

Hold on the reins a light but steady hand,—
By firm and equal dealings rule the land,—
And, at no distant time, when Learning's ray
Hath shown to peasant-minds the better way,
A new-born, peaceful Nation shall proclaim
Its joy to bear the noble British name.

A DAY OF ADVENTURE.

An idle hour invites a strain;
On aught to say I muse in vain:
What can I say upon the pain
Of a sore throat? what can I gain?
Pity from some—from more, disdain.

I'll think upon a pleasant day
I spent last week: not making hay,
Nor scrawling out a weary lay;
'Twas mostly, not entirely, gay,
And passed in just the following way:—

When morning's sun had oped our eyes,
And full displayed the cloudless skies,
Being invited to arise
And take a dip—just to surprise
My lazy nerves—myself complies.

We take our bath; refreshed return:
We breakfast, praising first the urn,
The ewer, and then, perhaps, the churn;
No potted lobster do we spurn,
However strong the spice may burn.

We start: but hold! 'tis very queer,
I rather think (I don't say *fear*,
Lest fright should make me shed a tear,)
I've not yet named, but will do here,
The place from which our course we steer.

'Tis from the vale of Cushendun,
Famed for its beauty and its fun,
Where salmon leap and rabbits run,
Till ta'en by fishing-rod and gun:
From hence, then, is our course begun.

We seek the cliffs of famed Fair Head,
Known to the living and the dead,
Enrobed in solemn misty dread,
With awful grandeur overspread,—
But stop! We're on our journey sped.

We go by boat: but there's a bar,
Some thinking that a row so far
Their equanimity might mar,—
Some from hostility to tar,
Select the Irish jaunting-car.

We leave with eager haste the land,
We strain each leg, each arm, each hand,
To reach the first the distant strand,—
No, *shore*, because there is no sand.
In truth we are a motley band.

And merry fellows are we all,
Though some are short and some are tall,
Though some are large and some are small,
We always laugh, whate'er befall,
Though all can call and bawl and squall.

Vying, we cleave the water's breast,
And soon appears old Rathlin, dressed
In misty cowl and ruddy vest:
And now we find our boat at rest
In Murlough's bay, a welcome guest.

A little further yet we wend,
To view the headlands which defend
Our country, and which now we rend
With echoing triumphs, for an end
As prosperous as one could portend.

Then back to Murlough's favoured bay
Once more we take our joyful way:
Within a port without delay
We disembark; and, sooth to say,
No one regrets *that* pull that day.

And beautiful as was the sight
Of hoary Head and waters bright,
We find new objects for delight
In Murlough's vale; perhaps not quite
So plainly showing God's great might;

But yet the yellow fields of corn,
The healthy sheep as yet unshorn,
The birds which sweetly sing at morn,
The pretty flowers in valleys born—
These do His love and grace adorn.

But to my tale. Our lunch discussed,
Go down the "Grey Man's Path" we must;
But first we mount with some disgust,
The cliffs at hand—and yielding dust
At times occasions much distrust.

But when the highest peak we gain,
We find our toil is not in vain;—
Such land, such sky, so vast a main!
That did it cost us twice the pain,
For such a view we'd mount again.

We try the path, and soon 'tis done,
Though not exactly at a run
With hands in pockets; no such fun
Befitting mortals, barring one,
The long-bow Knight of Cushendun.

* * * * *

Thus, having passed the dire descent,
And many hours of pleasure spent,
Ere yet the even's sun has bent
gloried head, to strike our tent
journey home, we all consent.

But there's the rub; when must we start?
And who by boat and car depart?
One says, "Come with me in the cart;"
Another, "Leave me not, sweetheart;"
The mate, "Desart *uz,* an' you'll smart."

Knowing how vain 'twould be to try
Their several wills to satisfy,
I please myself; and forthwith hie
Up Murlough's glen, as joyfully
As ever lark did mount the sky.

And wherefore seems that stroll to me
So full of happy memory?
'Tis even so; for truly she
Who graced me with her company,
Deserves the meed of minstrelsy.

And would that meed were mine to pay,
And I could write a worthy lay,
That I might thus my thoughts convey;
But since I can't, I'll only say
She was a jolly girl, Miss A——.

Not musing thus, though feeling more,
We watch our comrades leave the shore,
Seeking their haven with their oar;
And vow ourselves (in number four)
We think the cars a horrid bore.

But, no; for though, with flowing tide,
We'd quickly o'er the waters glide;
Though all feel sorry to divide,
Yet gladder still am I to bide
With her who now is by my side.

Thus thinking, then—all care at rest—
We gaily mount the wooded crest,
And soon poor Richard stands confessed,
In all his Sunday-harness dressed;
And pricks his ears with eager zest.

Then quickly o'er the road we hie;
And much we say, I'll not deny,
Amusing to the passers-by,
With joking tongue and laughing eye,
Till late Glenmona we espy.

We thither haste, and hope to find
The friends which we have left behind,
In a contented frame of mind,
Seated at tea—and very kind,
Saying how they for us had pined.

But, no; one boat alone is here:
The other should be very near—
They left together; 'tis so queer
It still delays. The mate, I fear,
Imbibed too much of Bass's beer.

We scour the beach; we scan the main;
Traverse the highway and the lane;
Call for them loudly, but in vain;
The rocks re-echo to the strain,
And answer, "They will come again."

At last they come. Our vigil 's o'er:
However sad a face we wore,
Now all is jolly as before,
And there is nothing to deplore,
But some one's foot is very sore.

Thus were they stayed:—A sail they set,
And managed cleverly to get
Entangled in the salmon-net:
An incident they'll not forget,
Though they remember to regret.

One, thinking to get safe to land,
Leaped on a stone, but could not stand,
So glided down, not upon sand,
But into water deeply grand,
As far as wet his collar-band.

And though escorted by the moon,
No one esteemed the sail a boon;
Some were e'en thinking of a swoon;
Hoping to land next day by noon:
But home is reached—and not too soon.

Then welcoming is quite profuse,
And appetites are all let loose;
The mate receives his meed—abuse;
But, as his conscience is obtuse,
The labour is of little use.

When every word has thrice been said,
We find the little hours have sped,
So "mizzle" quietly to bed;
And soon refreshing sleep has spread
His balmy veil o'er every head.

So ends our weeping and our wail;
So ends our rowing and our sail;
And, as I think this rather stale,
And find my words begin to fail,
I'll also say—So ends my tale.

IN MEMORY OF T—— R——.

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again.
>
> *Hamlet.*

WHERE'ER you chance to gaze around,
  A leaf of autumn lies, and weeps,—
  Bidding us think of him who sleeps,
A withered leaflet in the ground.

O memory! give to me the boon
  To muse upon those happy hours
  With him too swiftly gone—like flowers
By ruthless winds banished too soon.

The dullest morn was cheerful then,
  For cheery welcome greeted you;
  The happy morn looked brighter too
From bringing you to him again.

With gems of wit and poetry
  His bowl of mirth o'erflowed the brim,—
  The longest day felt short with him,
The heaviest glided lightly by.

His generous heart was ever warm,
  His soothing word was ready still,
  That arrow-mind and steadfast will
Were shield and buckler from all harm.

I see his form before me now
  Turning to say his last "Good-bye,"
  The waving hair, the merry eye,
The open, honest, manly brow.

The kindly pressure of his hand
  I almost feel around my own,
  I listen for that gentle tone
If it still echo through the land:

Can he be gone, and gone for aye!
  Has that bright spirit ceased to be?
  Ah, no! he lives, he thinks of thee,
He longs for thee to come away,—

Away into that silent land,
  Where'er it be, where spirits dwell;
  Canst thou not feel a hidden spell
Beckoning as with a wand,

Whispering of joys divine,
  Virtue's children, pure and fair,
  Unknown in this brief life of care,—
Joys that may be thine and mine.

ONWARD.

'Mid the world's unceasing tumult,
  Where the weary never rest,
Sweet it is to spend a moment
  Hearkening to this behest—
    "Speed ye onward!
  Hence, not here is found your rest."

E'en the fairest earthly city
  Still is but a mortal's cell,
This the poor, whose meed is pity,
  This the wealthy know full-well;
    Satisfaction
  Comes not while on earth we dwell.

What though pilgrims on our journey,
  At some resting-place we find
Pleasures for the while around us,
  We must leave e'en these behind,
    Joys continuous
  Do not sojourn with mankind.

And perchance, when faint and weary,
  Sad and longing for the tomb,
Should a friend, a priceless treasure,
  As a rainbow cheer the gloom,
    E'en this friendship
  Oh how transient is its bloom!

All—not some among us only—
  Meet each other but to part;
May the Lord whose name is holy,
  Lead each wandering mind and heart
        Towards that country
  Whence we never would depart.

Living thus 'mid chance and changes,
  Ever leaving those we love,
Parting with all else but dangers,
  Let us strive to meet above
        In that City
  Whose foundation ne'er shall move.

Let us say not to our spirits
  "Rest, content ye with your home,
Why impatient, ever seeking
  From the common path to roam?
        Shun ambition
  For mere future bliss to come."

Say we rather—"Rest contented
  With no home nor country here,
Will adopted sons of Heaven
  Live for this poor earthly sphere?
        Oh, no, never!
  Be the world however dear."

Ever striving with temptation,
  Ever living for the Lord,
Let us seek that great salvation,
  Our unmerited reward,
                Speed we onward!
  Leaning on His kind regard.

HEAVENLY AID.

"God helpeth them who help themselves,"
'Tis written in the book of fate;
We read it in the World's Estate
More plain than from the dusty shelves:

We read it in the Infant's mind,
Who seeks a guide to hidden lore,
Who strives to reach that rugged shore
By which we gain the joys behind:

We read it in His tender care
O'er erring childhood—fancy free—
Returning, like the wandering bee,
From out the world, although so fair:

We read it in the Student's eye,
Which tells of anxious efforts blest,
As, gazing on his throbbing breast,
He sees the honours none deny:

We read it in the Orphan's prayer
For blessing on a kindly heart,
Of thanks for succour through the part
Adopted in a world of care:

We read it in the Workman's smile,
When evening brings him to his cot,
His toil—in family—forgot,
His joy exempt from aught that's vile:

We read it in the Soldier's glance,
When Victory crowns his brave career,
Who fought his way, who knew no fear
For thrusting sword or pointed lance:

We read it in the Sailors' cheer,
As late they near the wished-for land,
Storm-tossed, nigh wrecked on many a strand,
But yielding not to craven fear:

We read it in the Patriot's pride,
Who sought to rend his country's chains,
And gained the boon which now remains
His witness, though so long denied:

We read it plain on all around,
We feel it in the glorious Sun,
As days, and months, and seasons run,
And plenty decks the fruitful ground:

We hear it in the wafting Wind,
We scent it in the Zephyr's breath,
Upraising from the sleep of death,
And driving baneful shades behind:

We find it where the Miner delves,
Where manhood's foot hath never trod—
E'en there we see a present God
Directing those who help themselves:

Thus seeing aiding wreaths entwine
Around our each and every toil,
From labour, oh, let none recoil,
Unworthy of the care divine.

A COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

SPEED on, my soul, away!
Heed not the scorning frown,
Nor loiter by the way
That leads thee to a crown.
Oh, when shall I His glory see,
Who graciously redeemèd me?

Content ye yet awhile,
You spirits of the free,
Who hast'ning on from guile,
Enthronèd long to be;
Deem ye you will His glory see
Sooner for what your wishes be?

I long to see His face,
Who bought me with His blood,
To end my tiring race,
To reach my goal—my God;
But when shall I His glory see
Who graciously inviteth me?

Ye may not know the hour
Of Glory and of bliss,
But God with sovereign power
Hath foreordainèd this;
And think ye to His glory see
More soon than fixèd destiny?

Ah, no! But onward speed!
Why, spirit, seek to stay?
My flight nought can impede,
But I must soar away;
Oh, when shall I His glory see,
And join the Heavenly melody?

Then seek ye wings of faith
To flee the Tempter's dart,
To 'scape the endless death,
A pure and patient heart,
And ye shall thus His glory see,
And taste that rare felicity.

Come, then, thou trusting heart,
And make thy dwelling here;
Let selfishness depart;
Holy Spirit! draw Thou near,
And fit me to His glory see
With joy, but with humility.

And when the Earth is not,
And home and friends are gone,
And all but God forgot,
Shall come the glorious Dawn:
Then shall we all His glory see
In God's own time—Eternity!

TO A SKYLARK.

How dearly do I love thee,
Sweet comrade of the spring!
Nigh warblest thou above me
With ever-fluttering wing;
    Methinks thou dost entreat me,
    Soaring aloft to meet thee,
And *my own* tribute bring.

Slowly thou risest singing,
The listening world to greet,
The azure concave ringing,
For thee a palace meet;
    Methinks, e'en as I'm speaking,
    Thou soarest upward seeking
To kiss the angels' feet.

With praise to thy Creator
Thy voice all Nature fills,
With joy in His creation
Thy cheerful bosom thrills,
    With song the air thou'rt rending,
    Ever afar ascending
Beyond the lofty hills.

TO NORAH.

WHAT shall I say of Erin's pride?
What can I say in worthy rhyme?
I may not sing in common time
Of her I long to call my bride.

Then fill my need, poetic Sprite!
Infold me in thy lyric robe;
Teach me mine inmost soul to probe
For words to tell my heart's delight.

But how, though shadowed by thy wing,
Can I express her movement's grace?
Her fawnlike step 'tis hard to trace,
Her royal gait 'tis hard to sing.

'Tis hard to sing of Norah's face,
Unworthy must mine accents prove,
Though prompted by the deepest love,
In songs of her to find a place.

And dare I to the star compare
Her joyous and entrancing eye,—
That only twinkles in the sky,
This beams with love, so pure, so rare.

And Norah's calm expansive brow,
True omen of a loving heart,
Defies the Parian sculptor's art—
To mould that form they know not how.

And, oh! her clear bewitching voice
Enraptures, and by far excels
The sweetest sound of silver bells,
Tuned to a chime however choice.

And then her heart, so true, so pure,
So candid, for an angel meet,
Unknowing, fearing not deceit,
Confides in a Protector sure.

And may that heart my heart receive,
The only homage I can pay;
And may the Norah of my lay,
Loving herself, my love believe.

THE SPA WELL.

When August's sun embrowns the corn,
And deeply tans the civic's face,
How sweet it is to one forlorn
To find a shade and resting-place;

And thrice as grateful is it still
To all who seek the cool retreat,
If watered by some crystal rill,
Their lips to kiss, their tongue to greet.

And would you fain evade the beams,
And would you seek so pure a fount,
Then come, enjoy the glistening streams
Which flow from Donard's hoary mount:

And chief of all the Giant's tears,
Those pearly drops his age bemoan,
There's one, though simple it appears,
Which yields a virtue of its own;

The Iron-Spring, the Iron-Spring,
Which once with weary foot we sought,
Far up the hill-side wandering,
To quaff the cup our toil had bought,

Now glides through peaceful glades unseen
To where the sea-birds kiss the foam,
Gemming a grotto with its sheen,
And making it its timely home;

And nigh at hand; an easy stroll
Through Newcastle, at rising sun,
Before you touch your breakfast roll,
Brings you to where the waters run:

And there betimes there dwells a maid,
Gladly dispensing of her store
Of healing waters, unrepaid
Save by one ha'penny, no more.

Thus all may come, from near, from far,
And drink the cool refreshing stream;
Think not it will your slumbers mar,
Or e'en induce a troubled dream;

The stream will soothe and strengthen too;
But did it not, yet drink it still;
The breath of morn you'll never rue,
And God's pure gifts can bring no ill.

Come then at once, nor linger more,
Once taste and you will taste again;
And ere you leave that peaceful shore,
You'll not have quaffed the spring in vain.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

How farest thou ? the source of every joy
That deigns to spend in my uneasy breast
A fleeting space, wherein no fell alloy,
Sent to disturb a wayward mortal's rest
With selfish thoughts, with thee, my guiding
star,
Dare do so much as wish itself a guest
Within my heart's abode, thy sway to mar
Who own'st a noble throne as any earthly are.

This genial season bids me wish thee well;
In every kindly gift of earth and heaven
Mayst thou rejoice; may no enchanter's spell
Whate'er its origin thy spirits leaven
To taste the many's joys of medium worth;
To thee may every power and will be given
To fill thy heart with all that joy and mirth
Which at our hearths and homes attend the
New Year's birth.

And grieve not thou, to whom divine decree
Hath given a healthful home in other lands,
Forsooth that thou must cross the wintry sea
Nor grasp betimes thy kindred's greeting
hands;

To lose the outward signs of inward love
No common grief and sacrifice demands,
But let not this a cheerful heart remove,
For Absence' sounding-line Affection's depth
shall prove.

Distance may narrow every stream of joy,
But cannot serve to dry its hidden source,—
That no dividing space can e'er destroy
Nor wasting time restrain it from its course,
For that the loving heart the font supplies;
Thence flow the torrents whose resistless force
Drowns custom in the sea, and fame defies,
And there Love wears the crown until the lover
dies.

Though such a love as this o'erflows my heart,
Yet doubting fear oft makes my spirit sad,
For thoughts of thee and how we last did part
At times delight, at times nigh drive me mad;
Fancy, unreasoning maid, oft leads my mind
To deem for ever lost those hours I had
With thee, the only fair and prosperous wind
Which speeds my heart's frail bark to leave its
cares behind.

That fearful heart how oft doth fancy wring
With phantom visions of thy fond delight
In other's love; forgetful of the wing
Unwearied, though for ever in its flight,

On which my heart's devotion seeks return
From thee, its shrine, and yet perchance the night
Of my affection's day,—in truth the urn
In which the lot of me and more than me doth turn:

And fancy's voice oft murmurs in my heart
"'Twere vain to offer to a form so fair,
A mind so pure as hers, whose every art
Displays the grace which denizens of air
Alone unaided own, thy worthless love,
Thy worse than worthless self, and think to share
Her tender thoughts, who would more fitly move
'Mid the seraphic choirs whose strains are heard above.

"And were this not enough to quench the light
Of thy love's vain—ay, doubly vain desire,
Will it suffice thy daring to affright
To tell thee of the full requited fire
Of tender passion which another feels,
Whose faith and constancy her heart inspire
With such a love as only love conceals;
To beg another's gift in vain another kneels."

Another's gift! Ah, thereby hangs the chance
Of all my earthly weal or earthly woe;
How much that gift my pleasures would enhance,
How much its loss must spoil my life below;

The tale of fancy may be but a tale,—
Another's gift,—thy love may not be so,
But oh, to me thy candid heart unveil,
Before a certain fate my spirit shall not quail.

And if perchance some less unworthy mate
Than I, who now with words too ruthless greet
The sovereign of my thoughts and of my fate,
Should strike upon thy spirit's harp so sweet
A chord in unison with one he feels
Re-echo in his own,—then ope that gate
Which from the questioning world thy mind conceals,
But to a brother's love a sister's heart reveals.

Thy place within my heart nought else could fill;
Then never be that place devoid of thee,—
For though I may not be thy lover still,
To love thee still I am for ever free:
Mary, this love forgive—leave other lands,
And shed the sunshine of thy smile on me,
For, if we may not join our hearts and hands,
Thou'lt grant the lesser boon thy suitor now demands.

Hereafter, reft of their own meed of praise,
These fitful lines may yet a story tell,
Should memory draw the veil from bygone days,
And Mary think of one who loved her passing well.

A VALENTINE TO A LADY AT VENTNOR.

Now Lucie, darling,
Just don't be snarling
When you encounter this Valentine,
For sure 'twould vex one
If your complexion
Should pale its lustre at a scrawl of mine.

The dull comparer,
Who says you're fairer
Than our best weather by day or night,
With "long-bow" tighter
Might call you brighter
Than any diamond in the Isle of Wight:

But that I may shun
Exaggeration,
Nor from the critic's honoured place be hurled,
Whate'er befall you,
I'll only call you
The prettiest little fairy in the world.

So lovely Lucie,
Howe'er excruci-
Ating are these doggerel lines to read,
Since they address you,
You must confess you
Are highly honoured by this very deed.

If this won't please you,
But only tease you,
I can't imagine what must be done,—
Lest I might provoke you,
I will not joke you
But crave your pardon and "cut and run."

BROODINGS ON A STORMY NIGHT.

The rain is descending
On the city it favours;
The flag-staff is bending,
The stoutest oak wavers,
Its leaves rudely shaken
May fall ere to-morrow,
And the old tree awaken
Alone in its sorrow.

The spider regaling
On flying confections,
Thinks nought of the wailing
And wild interjections
The winds give in warning,—
Engrossed in his pleasures,
He dreads not the morning
Nor fears for his treasures:

But while he is sleeping
In his arbour-web lying,
And his captives are weeping,
In dread of soon dying.
To surfeit their jailor,
The tempest o'ertakes him,
The bane of the sailor,
And ruin awakes him:

For his home he looks vainly,
For his flies—they are scattered;
That web, once so gainly,
The storm-shower has scattered;
His mansion, his neighbours,
His joys all departed,
Soon death ends his labours,
Alone, broken-hearted.

That lambling so sprightly,
Which, early this morning,
With face smiling brightly,
A maid was adorning
With garlands of flowers,
The choicest and sweetest
Which scented such bowers
As rarely thou meetest;

That plaything so charming,
The sun-viewing eagle,
When nought seemed alarming,
Has dared to inveigle;
And long must the mother,
Her little one taken,
In vain strive to smother
Her sorrow—forsaken.

But follow the robber
So ruthlessly laden,
And the grief of the sobber—
The fair little maiden,

Ere Time's busy reaper
Cuts a sheaf from to-morrow,
Will yield to a deeper,
A bitterer sorrow.

For fast he is hasting
To his home on the mountain,
Nor a moment is wasting
By tree nor by fountain,—
Of his young ones he's thinking,
How their hearts will be burning,
And their eyes brightly winking
To greet him returning.

He speeds to his eyrie
And joys there preparing,
And his sinews are weary
With the spoil he is bearing
When his fortress he reaches;
But sad is his meeting—
With the thunder's rude breaches
And the storm's cruel greeting!

For his mate so engaging,
His children so cherished,
When the tempest was raging
Have wofully perished:
And his spirit is shrunken
In his breast, now so dreary;
And his proud heart has sunken
To die in his eyrie.

* * *

To stifle a sorrow,
Akin to transgression,
I've striven to borrow
A passing impression
From the woes of Creation;
And my spirit is stronger
Since this tedious narration,
So I'll weary no longer.

A VISIT TO DUBLIN IN THE SPRING OF 1865.

Now the month of May is passing,
With its fresh unfaded flowers,
Every day new joys amassing,
Be they only sunny showers;
Now all votaries of pleasure
Seek in vain an hour of ease,
Fêtes attend us without measure,
Striving every one to please.

For we've come to pass the season
In this gay old Dublin town,
Where old maidens lose their reason
Or their hearts without a frown,
And where all seem quite delighted
To be seen and to admire,
And with happiness requited,
Of such pleasures never tire.

If you wish to see the graces,
You must go to the Bazaar,
You must seek the Steeple-chases
On a dusty jaunting-car;
You must do some promenading,
And some croquet in the "Green,"
And at Flower-shows parading
Choose some fair one for your queen:

You must see the Exhibition,
And admire the Prince of Wales,
And secure the deep fruition
Of a brush from his coat-tails;
To the Phœnix you must rattle,
No one misses the Review,
You must see the Show of Cattle,
And the College Races too:

Then the night's Illuminations,
And the early morning Balls,
With their crowds of Invitations
And of after-luncheon Calls,
One with difficulty snatches
Half a moment for a "snooze,"
From these hosts of Cricket-matches,
Private "Hops," and Public "Does."

And though gladly we awaken
From a dream undreamed before,
That of "Erin the forsaken,"
We are children now no more;
Yet, with love of home still burning,
We shall gaily journey forth,
When the time comes for returning
To the quiet of the North.

A WELCOME TO JESSIE.

Now let joyous echoes fly
Through the earth and through the sky;
Now let tongues and bosoms vie,
As they sing the sweet refrain,—
"Jessie of the sunny smile,
Which did many a heart beguile,
Ere it left us for awhile,
Jessie's coming home again!"

Zephyrs of the balmy eve,
To whose wings sweet perfumes cleave,
These glad accents now receive,
Waft their welcome o'er the main,—
"Jessie of the flowing hair,
Who alone of all the fair
May the palm of beauty wear,
Jessie's coming home again!"

Ripples of the summer wave,
Those good timbers gently lave,
To whose charge fair Jessie gave
What we all have longed to gain;—
"Jessie of the beaming eye,
Noble heart and spirit high,
Soon in person will be nigh,—
Jessie's coming home again!"

Beam a welcome, silver Moon;
Shine a welcome, golden Noon;
Breathe, O flowers, your choicest boon,
Fragrant welcomes from the plain,—
"Jessie, whom we long to see,
Bright and beautiful and free,
How we love to sing of thee,—
Jessie, welcome home again!"

BOAS AND RUTH.

A FEW brief years have come and gone,
In memory they seem so few,
Since the great Sun serenely shone,
With charms and hopes for ever new,
On the fortunes of a careless youth
And a pretty little maiden—Ruth.

The youth had Boas for a name,
Which may seem scriptural and strange,
And for a hero rather tame;
But as a man he could not change;
And though to none this truth he'd tell,
He thought it suited very well.

And Boas was an ugly boy,
With features of the negro mould;
And yet, whene'er a theme of joy
Or a pathetic tale unrolled
The veil from his unmeaning face,
Some hidden virtues you might trace.

For Boas was a thoughtful youth,
And many thought he thought too much;
Yet in his heart the love of truth,
More oft than selfishness, would touch
The favourite string and lays inspire
Upon his spirit's hidden lyre.

And when he grinned and showed his teeth
(The upper row was pretty fair
But graveyard-like that underneath),
And when one little eye was bare,
And peered out from its hairy cave,
He looked more comical than grave.

And oftentimes the many mused
At the gravity of one so young,
And thought the midnight hours misused
In singing songs the Romans sung,
Or poring o'er some Grecian tale
Of battle-spears and warrior-mail.

But Boas was his father's son,
And his father's father's father's child,
And he hoped the honour they had won
Would ne'er be in their son defiled;—
They had been true and honest men,
And they, in him, must live again.

And well he knew how hard 'twould be,
With his so foul and worthless heart,
In faith and truth and honesty
To choose and keep "the better part,"
And perchance this inward knowledge gave
That face so thoughtful and so grave.

And his childhood glided swiftly by,
And the world was kinder than its wont,

And though sin and sorrow frequently
Were the only springs from his spirit's font,
Yet he knew these sins would fade away
When the sun arose on the endless day.

And when full many a passing joy
Lent buoyant wings to childhood's flight,
The one which left no fell alloy
To mar remembrances so bright,
Was the friendship from his earliest youth
Of the pretty little maiden—Ruth.

Truly she was a pretty flower
In that early spring-time of her life,
And from many a pleasant garden-bower,
With Nature's sweetest perfumes rife,
Would you look in vain thro' the rich parterre
For a flower so sweet, or a form so fair.

And even then there lurked a charm
In every feature of her face,
And in her heart, so kindly warm,
There flourished innocence and grace
And a cheerful spirit, ever gay
And bright as morn in early May.

And there shone an ever-ready smile
In the deep blue lustre of her eye,
Which spoke of a heart as free from guile
As the snow is from impurity,
And whispered plainer than words could tell
Of the full content that within did dwell.

And Ruth was merry and thoughtless too,
And a winning little artless child,—
And on every one those eyes so blue
Would beam a welcome whene'er she smiled,
And each received such a goodly share
That he longed to be Knight of the little Fair.

And oftentimes in those early days
Would these little people haply meet,
At some Christmas evening's romps and plays,
Or a dance among children's fairy feet;
And they gaily skimmed o'er the silver sea
Of innocence and purity.

And such were the scenes which still remain
In the portrait of those happy days,
And that friendship, free from the selfish aim
Which marks the bent of the worldling's ways,
Illumines the view with its lustrous gleam
As the night-wave smiles 'neath the moonlight beam.

And to both the time sped gaily by
In their little realms of childish life,
Till Boas went forth, sturdily
To battle in the school-world's strife,
And many a moon did wax and wane
Ere he saw the pretty Ruth again.

* * * * *

And years went by, and with them went
Full many a source of childish joy,
And many a thoughtless hour misspent
Whose memory we'd fain destroy,
And many a thought too swiftly flown
To mould the heart ere it was gone.

And years went by, and with them came
Full many a new more manly joy,
And many a novel wish and aim
To the heart of that once so thoughtful boy,
And another life he was fain to choose
Apart from the cowl of the dull recluse.

And he loved to join in each boyish game,
And he loved it for itself alone,
Content with defeat when he won not fame,
He laughed when his friends would their
loss bemoan,
And whispered gaily, his own defence,
"Now what would it matter a hundred years
hence?"

And when he excelled in some manly sport,
Then none was gayer than "sturdy Pat,"
As his messmates called him over their port,
And none was readier with tit for tat
In a foot-ball "bully," or wrestling ring,
Or with fencing-sticks, "gloves," or any-
thing.

* * * * *

And Boas went forth from the world of
school
Full of life and strength and joy and hope,
And, like many another youthful fool,
Gave his boyish longings their widest scope,
Till they carried his heart, like the diver of
old,
To the deepest pearl in the ocean's hold.

Yet he knew his pearl it could never be,
For fairies guarded its precious bed,
And nets restrained him, eagerly
Trying those depths like the sounding lead;
And to burst the nets or the fairies slay
Would but lose the pearl in either way.

And even could he gain the prize
To use its lustre as his own,
Would he not then indeed despise
The priceless value of the stone,
If in his worthless, leaden breast
He set that gem to find its rest?

And yet he loved the jewel more,
The more it seemed beyond his reach,
Nor could his reason nor his love
Impress the lessons they should teach,
He loved, with all the fire of youth,
The pearl—the pretty maiden Ruth.

* * *

He loved her then ; he loves her now,
But he loves her with another love,
For time has written on his brow
The vanity of early love ;
Yet memory gladdens his onward way
As it tells of some happy bygone day.

VALENTINE TO "ANNIE."

(One of Nine Sisters.)

DARLING Annie, don't be mine,
And end my grief and end my sorrow,
Confess you will *not* be to-morrow
My sole and charming Valentine.

I need not tell you you're divine,
As well *you* know that as another,
And 'twould be hard all pride to smother
In thee, O lovely Valentine.

Thy charms I never can define,
O Beauty of a house of beauty!
'Tis such a microscopic duty
To find them out, sweet Valentine.

And since you'd fain your arms entwine
Around some noble Duke, your lover,
Should such a one your worth discover,
And choose him as your Valentine,—

Resigned to fate, I'll thee resign,
Nor seek to change your resolution,
Lest it should grieve your constitution
To vex a ducal Valentine.

And though you're fairest of the nine,
And best adapted for dominion,
At least so in your own opinion,
And far the sweetest Valentine,

I cannot dare to call you mine;
So, when you find out such a treasure
As will with your ideal measure,
Be, *if you can,* his Valentine.

Till then farewell—but mark this line,
Discard all prudish words and dealings,
All groundless pride and haughty feelings,
And hope to be a Valentine.

And when in meekness dressed you shine,
No more the source of idle laughter,
E'en *you* perchance may be hereafter
Some simple fellow's Valentine.

VALENTINE TO "ELLEN."

THERE is a flower that bloometh
In Eblana's gay parterre,
And to me it ever seemeth
The sweetest flow'ret there,
And I love to seek that little flower
And mark its pretty face,
For I read therein of purity
And innocence and grace.

Now this little flower had flourished here
For a year and for a day,
Till it chanced one early summer time
That a stranger came that way,
And he gazed upon its beauty
Till his glance was turned to love,
For he had not dreamed of such a flower
Save in the meads above.

And the little flow'ret meekly bore
The rude intruder's gaze,
It was ruder than the winter's blast
Or the hot sun's summer rays,
Yet, methinks 'twas but a wreath of smoke
From love's pure flame within,
Lit by that flower's enchanting smile
Which a lion's heart might win:

And so it won the stranger's heart
By its bright and sunny rays,
And it kept his love through the autumn eves
And the bleak December days,—
And now Saint Valentine has come,
So he must the story tell,
How there's nothing in the wide wide world
He has ever loved so well.

E'en as I write these fitful lines,
I sometimes think, perchance
I may be myself the stranger
With that rude obtrusive glance,
And *you*, O gentle, lovely girl,
My chosen Valentine,
May find in that bewitching flower
An emblem truly thine.

Then may its smile for ever bloom
To cheer us with its ray,
Or e'en by its remembrance
When far—too far away;
And though I may not ask it now
To give its love to me,
Yet I'll love that pretty flow'ret
Wherever I may be.

THREE PARTING WORDS.

THREE little words are in my heart,
O listen; if you must depart,
Beyond the seas to live;
Forget perchance the honest love
My feeble lines essayed to prove,
But not the word "Forgive."

Forget, perchance, my wayward love,
Which often with thy pleasure strove,
But ever wished thee well;
And ever mayst thou happy be,
Nor dream how hard it is to me
To say the word "Farewell."

Still gladden hearts which cross thy way,
Thou Rainbow of my youthful day,
And find a love as true
As his, who now commits thy care
To Him whose love we all may share,
And weeps the word "Adieu."

LINES WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

"Sed omnis una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via leti."
Horace.

PRAYER is a sweet and solemn task,
It bringeth comfort to the soul,
And though adown the cheek may roll
The silent tear when what we ask

We fear we cannot hope to gain,
Yet even these tears are blessings given
By the kind sympathy of Heaven
To ease us of our burdening pain.

They lighten on our hearts the woe,
And make it easier to be borne,
Thus is it well for those who mourn
That God hath given men *tears* below.

We pray; but oft we do not gain
The wishes which our hearts desire,—
God knoweth what we most require
And gives—nor is our prayer in vain:

And thus, far other than my prayer
Was the stern fate which fixed his doom,
And gave my father to the tomb,
And gave his children to despair:

Yet can I never grieve that he
Hath passed away for ever-more,
Nor sorrow that his work is o'er,
Nor mourn that he hath ceased to be.

For wherefore should I wish him back,
What would he gain by his return?
More toil, more trouble, more heart-burn,
A mind once more upon the rack,

A few more years of earthly strife,
A few more years of earthly woe,
This would he gain if here below;
I will not call him back to life:

But let me call his memory back,
And let me feast upon his fame,
And let me glory in his name,
And let me follow in his track.

The pathway of an honest man,
The course of an unselfish heart,
Who chose and kept "one better part,"
Nor stumbled in the race he ran:

The better part through life he chose
Was labouring for others' good,
Unthanked, not even understood,
Yet working on until its close.

Unthanked in life, but thanked in death,
God bore him from the earth in peace,
God gave a calm, a kind release
From earthly cares and fleeting breath :

God made him great in soul and mind,
God gave him gifts, and not in vain,
To God he gave them back again,
Then went the way of all mankind.

Rest, noble Spirit, in thy tomb !
May thine example ever be
The star, which o'er this troubled sea
Of life, will guide me safely home.

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

'Tis a sweet and holy eventide,
  The "Day of Rest" is o'er,
And the plaintive murmur of the sea
  Is heard along the shore,
And the air has not a single sound
  Which it can call its guest,
But that gentle lullaby which soothes
  Old Ocean to his rest:
And the moonbeams dance along the wave
  With beauty still the same,
And bid us sometimes think of Him
  From whom such beauty came.

And through the window where I sit
  I see one brilliant star,
The only one which gazes down
  Upon me from afar;
And as I watch I needs must think
  Of a dear one far away,
The only one from whom my heart
  Would wish a cheering ray;
And perchance she may be thinking now
  Of me, when I am gone,—
And this one thought brings comfort
  To me, as I sit alone.

A LOVE SONG.

'Tis pleasant, as the day goes by,—
In every little word and thought,
In every simple action wrought,
To have a loved one's sympathy.

'Tis pleasant when the sun has set,
To think we have not lost a day,
To think of dear ones far away,
And then—to think of Harriette.

But truly I must not forget
The duties of my boyhood's home;
No longer may I dare to roam,
E'en though it be with Harriette;

And let me feel no strange regret
To seek the place I needs must love,
And whence I ne'er would wish to rove
If it were shared by Harriette.

And if, through various chances met,
My ills increase or joys depart,
I'll ever cheer my weary heart
With the sweet thought of Harriette.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I AM thinking of my loved one
As I'm sitting all alone—
I'm thinking of her sunny smile
When first on me it shone,
Of that quiet, homely evening
To a dull cold winter's day
When that little rosebud, Harriette,
The young and pretty Harriette,
First met me on my way.

I am thinking of a spring-time
Which shall come to me no more—
How sweet the memory of those days,
Too swiftly gliding o'er!
No other spring can e'er for me
Such kindly friendship prove,
For then I saw fair Harriette,
I walked and talked with Harriette,
And gave to her my love.

I'm thinking of the long long time
From those dear days till now,—
How few—how short our passing joys!
How oft, how deep our woe!

Yet, through it all there dwelt a charm
In my poor heart—to know
That I was loved by Harriette,
That I could trust in Harriette
Whatever wind might blow.

But I'm thinking of another day,
A happier yet to come,
When I shall claim my precious one
And lead her to my home,—
And there, O gracious Father,
Thy flowers of blessings strew,
That I may be to Harriette,
To gentle, loving Harriette,
A husband kind and true.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

KIND Nature sends me every morn
  The sparrow's merry voice,
To bid me further slumber scorn,
  To hearken, and rejoice.

I listen with delighted ear,
  Whilst all around the grove
A hundred birds, my soul to cheer,
  Pour forth their tales of love.

That redbreast's grateful note I hear,
  Whose nest was cared for well,
Through the long winter cold and drear,
  'Mid brackens by the well:

The happy blackbird whistles clear
  The budding twigs among,
The mottled thrush will soon appear
  And sing his cheery song.

Nature's sweet words are loved again,
  Come they howe'er they will,—
In the gentle cadence of the rain,
  Or murmur of the rill,

The gurgle of the streams which roam
  The vales of husbandmen,
Or the plash of mountain-torrent's foam
  Adown the rocky glen.

How soothing to the troubled mind
  The whispering winds at even,
Bidding it feel how true, how kind
  The sympathy of Heaven:

Good warning words to angry souls
  Dwell in the furious blast,—
Lo! wanton ruin with it rolls,
  But peace, when it is past.

O, ripples of the moonlit wave!
  How I enjoy your tones,
Greeting each little nook and cave
  Among the grey old stones

Along the beach: how I delight
  To wait upon the shore,
Hour after hour, night after night,
  And hear your voice once more!

Yet there is music sweeter far
  Than that of bird or stream,
Or rippling wave 'neath evening star,—
  Oh sweeter far I deem

The music of my household joys,
  The gentle childlike beat
Hand upon hand of joyous boys,
  The patter of their feet:

Their merry songs from healthy lungs,
  Their looks, their tones of glee—
The prattle of their infant tongues
  Is far more dear to me.

And sweeter is my loved-one's song
  Than bird or stream or wave,—
The sweetest sound for which I long,
  The sweetest I can have

Is the loved music of my choice,
  When evening brings me home,
The welcome of my dear one's voice,
  Her "Darling, you are come!"

THE END.

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